

Echo & The Bunnymen

"Forgotten Fields"

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In the tree-lined cities in forgotten fields
Some are born too pretty, some are born too real
Some to death-wish pity, while the selfish steal
Some ground

So just hunch back plans to start to feel
As the rise of man names his price to deal
It's look Ma, no hands on the steering wheel
Going round
Goes round...
Slows down

Some are early blooms, some are made to wait
Some arrive too soon, some way too late
Some think the moon can navigate
Life round...

Hey, can't you see
What will be?
Can't you see?

It's behind you...
What's behind you
Look behind you...

Hey, can't you see
What will be?
Can't you see?

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